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Attorneys at Law,
N. E. Cor. Main and Court Sts.,
Hopkinsville, Ky.
(May 20-30-40.)

ALBERT B. TAVEL
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Invoice and Letter Books, Letter Presses,
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STATIONERY GENERALLY.
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HENRY & PAYNE,
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Near Room over Platters' Bank.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
(17 Jan 1-95)

Edward Laurent,
ARCHITECT
No. 22 PUBLIC SQUARE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after nat-
ural ones are extracted, by
R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Dec. 2.

Campbell & Medley
DENTISTS.
Over Jones & Co's. Store,
Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.
Jan 2-10-17

COOK & RICE,
PREMIUM LAGER BEER
CITY BREWERY.
No. 314, upper seventh St.
Hop 30-17

GRAY & YOUNG'S
Shaving Bazar
IS ON MAIN STREET, NEXT TO
HOOPER & OVERSHINE'S.
They would be pleased to wait on
all who may call on them.

MAUD S.
From Messenger to Harold's
Daughter.

(Continued from the Courier-Journal.)
LEXINGTON, Aug. 1.—The wonder-
ful performance of Maud S. the past
week at Cleveland has caused the
inquiry from many how fast will the
record yet be ere the full height of
the most noted racers of the day is
attained? To answer this question it
is my intention to give a brief history
of the trotting horse in America,
his origin, rapid development, and
what, in time to come, he will be;
of course, taking into consideration
his record in the past. While to
England we are indebted for the
thoroughbred running horse, there
can be no question but that the
trotter is purely an American concep-
tion, made perfect by judicious breeding
and thorough training, for trotting
is merely an acquired gate. The an-
cestry of the trotting horse in Amer-
ica dates back to 1788, when there
landed in Philadelphia from England
a horse named Messenger, who was
a son of Membrino, the latter one of
the most noted racers of his day.
Messenger, previous to his importation,
had performed creditably upon
the English turf, and while the get
of his sire had to some extent shown
trotting propensities, it was no doubt
the intention of those who imported
him that his progenitors should go
down in turf history as those of his
ancestors had for generations pre-
vious.

Messenger, however, was located
in Pennsylvania, and the Legislature
of the State having passed a law
prohibiting racing, his get, as a con-
sequence, had no opportunity of being
trained for turf purposes. Had not
this bill been passed, Messenger
would doubtless have occupied a
place in the running studbook, instead
of being known as the father of the
trotting horse. Messenger's im-
mediate descendants did nothing,
there being no trotting races in those
days; his get could consequently be
used on the road only; his blood,
however, in after years proved to be
very precious, and many of the star
performers of the trotting turf trace
in a direct line to this grand old grey
hero who left the shores of Albion in
1788. Messenger was taken to New
York in 1793, where he did stud ser-
vice at various points until his death
in 1808. Tradition has informed us
that the people had learned to ap-
preciate his merits, as he was buried
with military honors, the roll of the
artillery and sounds of the musketry
being heard as they laid this founder
of the trotting race to rest. Just ten
years after the death of Messen-
ger the first race ever trotted in Amer-
ica came off on Long Island. It was
a match against time for \$1,000, and
was proposed at a jockey club dinner,
where trotting was the theme of dis-
cussion. The bet was that no horse
could be produced which could trot
a mile in three minutes. It was ac-
cepted by Mr. Wm. Jones of Long
Island, and Col. Bond of Maryland,
time being a great favorite among
outside betters. A slate-colored horse,
known as Boston Blue, was named
at the post, and he easily won his
backers' money, gaining with the
record he made great renown. Some
time after this match he was purchas-
ed by Thomas Cooper, the noted
traveller, who drove him from New
York to Philadelphia in order to fulfill
his theatrical engagements. In the
American Farmer of 1824 we find an
account of the Tradewheel trotting a
mile in 2:34; this was the best time
ever made up to that date, and re-
mained so until 1833, when Sally Miller
gained a record of 2:31½, which was
equalled by Edwin Ford in 1834. Long
Island, in those days many of the
trotting events were two, three and
four mile heats, those owning the
trotter at that time seemingly prefer-
ring endurance to speed. The first
public favorite upon the trotting turf
was Toppallant, who was one of the
most popular animals with the masses
that has ever appeared upon the
course. To what merits Toppallant
owed his popularity was indebted to
his great popularity with the public
is hard to tell, for he was frequently
defeated, and he made by no means
any very remarkable time. That his
reputation as a trotter was very great,
there can be no question, for at a
meeting of the Board of Officers of
the Hunting Park Association, the
first year of that institution, to regu-
late the trotting for the purposes, it
was resolved that Toppallant should
be barred from entering for the sec-
ond day's races, as they considered
him "a first-rate horse." Screw-
driver also became famous on the
course during the same period in
which Toppallant figured. His merits
were esteemed about as highly as
the latter, a Philadelphia paper head-
ing a notice of his death with the
statement: "The Emperor of horse
is no more." Passing rapidly through
a period in which Detsy Baker,
Whalebone, Paul Fry, Lady Wash-
ington, Sallie Miller, Edwin Forrest
Buster, Charlotte Temple, Modesty,
Sir Peter, Shakespeare, Cato, Lady
Victoria, Lady Jackson, Moonshine,
Columbus, Bonny Boy and Stranger
were the shining lights, brings us
down to 1836, when Dutchman and
Awful made their first appearance
upon the trotting turf. Dutchman
was discovered by Mr. Pete
G. Barker, in Pennsylvania, tramp-
ing clay in a brick-yard. Having no
pedigree, what Mr. Barker could see
in him is hard to tell, as he was a
great coarse, ungainly, brown horse
with nothing whatever in looks or
appearance to recommend him. Mr.
Barker, however, secured a great bargain
for bottom and endurance.
Dutchman has scarcely had an equal
on the trotting turf. Awful was a
thoroughbred and was just the op-
posite of Dutchman in appearance,
being a dashing, bloodlike looking
bay horse with a very bad temper.
Both Dutchman and Awful frequently
contested together, but the brick-
yard horse was by all odds the great-
est horse, indeed his three-mile re-
cord of 2:32½, made under the saddle
in 1833, stood as the best on record
until Huestress beat it in 1872, over
thirty years after, and his four-mile

record of 10:51, made under the saddle
in 1836, stands as one of the best
ever made at that distance under any
conditions. Lady Suffolk, a beauti-
ful gray, resembling the Arab tribe,
made her first public appearance in
1838, on the course at Babylon, Long
Island, trotting three heats and win-
ning \$11. From 1838 up to about
1852 Lady Suffolk stood at the head
of the trotting turf, she contesting
during her career 161 races, of which
she was 88 times the winner, placing
to her owner's credit \$35,011 in stakes,
purse and matches. She made a
saddle record of 2:20½, a harness re-
cord of 2:28, a two-mile record under
the saddle of 7:40½. Lady Suffolk's
principal competitors on the turf
were Washington, Confidence, Rip-
ton, Cayuga Chief, Independence,
Onondaga Chief, Lady Moscow, Ameri-
cus, Hector, Jack Rossiter and James
K. Polk, of which Rip-ton and Lady
Moscow were no doubt the best.
Lady Suffolk died in 1855, and her
skin, I believe, is now doing duty as
an advertisement in a New York
harness establishment. Some of the
old sportsmen, over whose heads the
frosts of many winters have gathered,
have often told the writer that, owing
to unskillful handling, Lady Suffolk's
speed was never fully developed. Of
this I know nothing, but that she
was the greatest trotter of her day
no one can question. As Lady Suf-
folk was about to race from the
principal competitors on the turf,
there appeared a mare who will always
enjoy an enviable reputation as one
of the greatest performers that have
ever trod the trotting turf. From the
time she made her first appear-
ance on the Union Course, I. E., in
1850, till she bade her adieu to the
turf on the Fashion course in
1871, Flora Thompson's career
was one of almost continued victory;
she starting during that period in 111
races, winning 93, 11 of which were
two-mile, and 2 three-mile heats, she
winning in money for her owners
\$113,000. The greatest of her com-
petitors were Ethan Allen, Princess,
George M. Patchen, Tacony, White-
hall, Brown Dick, Lancel, and High-
land Maid. Flora Thompson was
born in 1845, the property of Mr. Loom-
is, of Springfield, N. Y., who kept
her until she was four years old,
when on account of her small size
and bad temper, he sold her to Wil-
liam H. Congdon, of Smyrna, N. Y.,
for the remarkably insignificant sum
of \$13. Mr. Congdon soon disposed
of her to Richardson & Kellogg for
\$18, then working alone in legitimate
trotting, leaving pacing, trotting
with running mate and double team
performances entirely out. Up to the
present time over 1,900 have records
of 2:30 or better. What is the ulti-
mate height of the speed of the trot-
ter can only be determined by time.
I am one of those who believe in ten
years 2:30 may be equaled or even
beat. That this is not beyond the
powers of the trotting horse is easily
demonstrated, for Maud S., Jay-Eye-
See and several other stars of the
turf have, on various occasions, trot-
ted fractions of a mile at this wonder-
ful clip, and that we will yet find one
that will be able to hold his speed an
entire mile at this remarkable gait,
the history of the trotting horse in
the past says there can be no question.
J. K. S.

Goldsmith Maid in a terrible strug-
gle of six heats. A majority of the
spectators claimed Smuggler won
the race in three straight heats. The
judges decided differently, however,
and it has passed into turf history as
one of the Maid's greatest victories.
Space, of course, will not allow a no-
tice of all the great performers of the
trotting turf; on that account I have
only detailed those who from time to
time have been known as the kings
and queens. Up to 1872 there were
only eighteen horses with a record of
2:23 or better. They were Goldsmith
Maid, 2:16½; Dexter, 2:17½; Ameri-
can Girl, 2:17½; Lady Thorne,
2:18½; Lucy, 2:18½; George Palmer,
2:19½; Flora Thompson, 2:19½; Henry,
2:20½; Mountain Boy, 2:21; Geo.
Butler, 2:21; Rolla Goldsmith, 2:21;
Gazelle, 2:21; Jay Gould, 2:21½;
Camors, 2:21½; Judge Fullerton,
2:21½; George Wilkes, 2:22; Princess,
2:22; Rockingham, 2:22½; Rosalind,
2:22½; George M. Patchen, 2:22½;
Jennie, 2:22½; Lady Maid, 2:22½;
Huntsman, 2:22½; Flora Thompson,
2:22½; and Kiburn Jim, 2:23. What a
wonderful improvement in speed in
twelve years, for a horse that can not
beat 2:23 to-day is not considered
medium. In 1879 St. Julien, the
great son of Volunteer, took the
crown away from Rarus by trotting
a mile in 2:12½, which he reduced in
1880 to 2:11½. He held first place
on Maud S. supplanting him, and
trotting in 1881 in 2:10½, this stood first
until Jay-Eye-See made a record last
summer of 2:10, which the daughter
of Harold saw and went one better
by trotting on the following day in
2:09½, a record she reduced
a half a second over the
Fair Ground course, near
Cleveland, last fall, and her 2:08½
at Cleveland Thursday places her a sec-
ond and a quarter ahead of her near-
est rival. Maud S.'s history and
achievements are known to all. She
has reigned supreme since 1881, and
is likely so to remain as long as she
is upon the trotting turf. In all proba-
bility, taking all things into consid-
eration, she is the greatest trotter that
has yet trod the turf. In this article
I have not attempted to detail the
history of the trotting horse, but
no doubt ere this would have gained
a record that would remain invinc-
ible for a long time to come. Her
performance at Cleveland last Thurs-
day will probably be her last appear-
ance upon the trotting turf, as Mr.
Bonner, her owner, has signified his
intention of keeping her alone hereaf-
ter for his private use. In this ar-
ticle I have endeavored to give you
the working horse in legitimate
trotting, leaving pacing, trotting
with running mate and double team
performances entirely out. Up to the
present time over 1,900 have records
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J. K. S.

The Record of a Week.

According to the Baltimore Manu-
facturers' Record, the last month of
summer shows in its opening week a
very promising condition of affairs in
the industrial growth of the South.
As week after week passes by with a
steady improvement in the prospects
for magnificent crops in the South,
there is a decided change for the bet-
ter in the outlook for increased activi-
ties in trade and financial circles. It
is now almost assured that the yield
of the two great staples, cotton and
corn, will be the largest ever pro-
duced, and while business are disposed
to wait a few weeks longer, until the
crops are beyond the possibility of
damage, yet there is already an im-
provement noticeable. The prospects
could hardly be more encouraging
than at present for the South, enter-
ing upon an era of the greatest trade
and industrial progress ever seen in
that section. In the list of new en-
terprises for the past week, as pub-
lished in the Manufacturers' Record
of August 8, there is a \$500,000 com-
pany organized in Montgomery, Ala.,
which has already purchased an im-
mense tract of land—running up into
the thousands of acres—in and around
Calera, Ala., with the intention of
developing its vast mineral wealth
and of building up another manu-
facturing town in that State; in North
Carolina there has been a sale of a
large body of wood land at a reported
price of about \$250,000, the purchase
having been made for the purpose of
cutting the walnut on it, while in
Tennessee one tract of 2,000 acres and
one of 5,000 acres have been sold to
parties who intend to erect saw mills;
a \$500,000 company has been organized
in Washington, D. C., to furnish heat and power,
and negotiations are now pending for the
plant; West Virginia has a \$35,000
company that has purchased a min-
ing property and will prepare to
put out 800 tons of coal a day, a \$100-
000 horse and mule company, and
a \$12,000 company to manufacture
metallic roofing; machinery has been
purchased for the cotton seed oil mills
to be built in Waynesboro and
Athens, Ga., and in Atlanta an im-
mense fertilizer factory is being put
up; a company has been organized in
Tennessee to work the lithographic
stone quarry in Arkansas previously
mentioned; a \$50,000 copper min-
ing company has been organized in
Maryland, and a \$25,000 manufac-
turing company in Florida; ground
has been purchased at Newport
News, Va., for extensive asphalt
works, involving an investment re-
ported at \$175,000; Brunswick, Ga.,
has contracted for gas and water-
works; a site has been secured in
Louisiana for an extensive factory
a New York cigar manufacturing
firm are negotiating for the removal
of their factory to Jacksonville, where
they would employ 300 or 400 hands,
while at four mills, lumber mills and
grist mills there is quite a large num-
ber reported. The Camperdown
Cotton Mills, of Greenville, S. C.,
have been purchased for \$70,000,
mainly by local capitalists, headed by
Col. H. P. Hammett, a very success-
ful cotton planter. Successful cash
commercial capital, stated to be
about \$50,000, will be put in, and
the mills will again be started up.
This purchase demonstrates that those
able to judge are still willing to back

their faith in Southern cotton mills
with their money. In addition to
these enterprises, there are in pros-
pect a \$50,000 flour mill and a \$25,000
soap factory in Alabama, a car-wheel
foundry in Texas, an ice factory in
North Carolina, &c.

NEWSTEAD, KY.

Mr. Editor:
By this time it must be my turn to
give you a letter and "turn-about"
you know is "fair play." Having
propped my precious eyes open just
enough to see the lines on my paper,
I begin without delay, that I may
finish before it grows very warm.
No doubt you will wonder why I am
up so early, and whether my general
appearance at this hour would be in
the least pleasing to a casual observer
and I answer no. If you will think
of a moment you will remember that
"early rising" (much to my regret)
has been a well-kept rule among the
thrifty farmers, even from the time,
perhaps, when Noah was a boy, and
no doubt he, too, in his young days,
was forced to hear his father's early
call, ere many a sweet dream had
been half completed. I wonder if
John G. Saxo wrote that humorous
little poem on "Sleep" for the benefit
of "early risers" or did he have any
popular young daughters or nieces
who sat up late at night with their
sweethearts and to whom he wished
to show the blessedness of sleep, but
this subject is infinite, I leave it in
despair.

I find myself seated near the wa-
ter's edge, not what is known to the
pleasure-seeker as the "sea-coast," but
only the edge of a clear and well-
shaded pond, which is situated almost
midway between two towering hay
stacks, and at a very convenient dis-
tance from the house. More unfor-
tunate than your Dawson correspondent,
I haven't a large "basket of
seasons" for my "side nor a
"palm leaf fan" at hand, which latter
I do not need, as the gentle breeze
from the pond answers that purpose
exactly. Nature is very kind, and
she "doth all things well."

My neighbors, the frogs, are deter-
mined (by their constant splash!
splash! into the water) to convince
me of the fact that I am not so oc-
cupant of this pleasant retreat, and
that they too, come in for a liberal
share.
In the distance I can see the busy
plowman as he plods his way up one
row and down the next, while an oc-
casional strain of "Hear den darkies
singin'" reaches my ear. Just to my
left, in an adjoining pasture, a herd
of cattle graze and on the opposite
side of the pond a flock of snow-
white geese, this scene would deligh-
ten the most fastidious of natures. I
shall make a very generous pause at
the end of this sentence and move my
seat near the fence in case I should
be molested, for I see a water snake
swimming rapidly in this direction,
as though he meant mischief.
As I write, indistinct peals from a
neighboring farm-bell vibrate upon
the stillness of the air, telling me the
day's work begins. In the poultry
yard there seems to be quite a dis-
turbance, and my noisy geese, just
over the way, echo the "sad refrain."
I used to think it so strange that the
mild cackle of geese could have
awakened the soundly sleeping senti-
nels, and thereby saved Rome, but I
now think these noisy fowls could
have brought the "Seven Sleepers"
hurriedly to their feet, for of all the
feathered tribe these are certainly
the noisiest!

Well, Old Sol's radiant countenance
beams down upon me and just half
an hour ago he was scarcely peeping
above the horizon.
As this is Saturday, and clean-up
day, the girls, present quite a pleas-
ing sight in their sweeping caps
and white aprons. They are busy
making ready for Sunday—which
means church, company, and I might
say ice cream and sherbet. May call
me to see her nicely baked cake, but
I don't love merely "to look" at any-
thing so tempting, then, too, I would
like to finish my letter before going.
This is a delightful place to visit, we
have plenty of fun, plenty of quiet-
ude, and the greatest abundance of
watermelons.
The weather—oh I won't annoy
you with that hackneyed subject—
only let me say that the crops are
very, very dry, and we are sadly in
need of rain.

We have had many a number of callers
but owing to the heat and dust we
have been out very little. To-night
we are going to the society at Con-
cord, and to-morrow to church at
Pee Dee.
'Tis quite a comfort to steal away
from the hot, dusty town, and find
a cool, shady retreat out in the coun-
try and escape the "mosquito's" cruel
bite and the engine's noisy whistle.
All the visitors of this pleasant
neighborhood have left for their res-
pective homes, but mine, perhaps,
will not see me until I have watched
the last watermelon of the season
vanish "like the remnants of a dis-
membered dream."
Well, the day is most half gone,
so I must bid good-bye to my sur-
roundings, and pay the girls a call
in the "cook-room."
E. G.

Damages in Both Ways.

Sickness is the most expensive thing
in the world. In two ways: It puts
one to a direct cost, and prevents one
from earning money by his labor.
We say nothing of suffering, for the
money cannot pay for that. How
much better to keep oneself well by
the use of Parker's Tonic whenever
there is the slightest sign of ill health.

The Fuegians are the lowest human
beings in the scale of existence. Their
language contains no word for any
number above three, they are unable
to distinguish one color from another,
they have no religion and no funeral
rites, and they possess neither chief
nor slaves. Their only weapons are
bone pointed spears, and, as they
grow neither fruits nor vegetables
and their country is naturally barren,
they are obliged to live entirely on
animal food. Even these savages
possess, however, some social virtues.
They are not cannibals; they treat
their weaker women nor the old, and they
are monogamous.

You can hardly ever kill a drunken
man. Henry Wauffreight, an old
bladder, jumped from the bridge at
Nashville, a distance of 110 feet,
Tuesday intending to commit suicide.
He was taken from the river and
found to be only slightly injured.

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—OF—

JNO. T. WRIGHT!

—THE—

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to any factory in the State. All work reliably
warranted. Interested parties will consult
their interests by inspecting our stock person-
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